

Art Now: A Day of Contemporary Art – Prose Reading with William S. Burroughs

Naropa Institute, Saturday July 22 1989

William S. Burroughs: Yes, Brion always told me an artist has to go around and flog his paintings like a rug merchant – got to show up at all these openings...

This is from *Ghost of a Chance* which also concerns Christ and the whole subject of miracles and magic. The portents and signs that surrounded his birth have a sort of flashback retroactive tinge. Magi's came bearing gifts. Did these gifts sustain the family in the ensuing years before Christ found his vocation? What about poor John married to Immaculate Mary? She must have been the worst lay ever to say: "Sorry darling not tonight got a sick headache." [Laughter] One man's sure that long suffering John had to hustle his saw and adages since Christ had not yet learned to make bread breed like rabbits. Difficult to believe that Christ was ever a full time carpenter. He was arguing with people in the synagogues when he was nine years old. So here is thirty – time for a stint in the desert with Satan. Well, of course the devil's bargain is always a fools bargain it takes a modicum of common sense to say, "Piss off Satan and don't take me for dumber that I look for Christ's sake."

The question arises did Christ actually commit the miracles attributed to him? My guess is that he did certainly perpetrate some of these acts. The Buddhists consider miracles and healing as dubious if not down right reprehensible. I remember Wynn Chamberlain's guru [I forgot his name] he said, "If you can, don't." The miracle worker is arbitrarily upsetting the natural order with incalculable long-range consequences and may often be motivated by self-glorification. Granted that Christ did work miracles what he did was not so remarkable. Any competent magic man can heal sometimes – you can't win 'em all. And cast out devils' especially one's the devils he installed in the first place! Many practitioners can do weather magic. But Christ established a miracle monopoly which was codified by the church over the centuries. Miracles can only be performed by authorized personnel and subject to meticulous verification – we can't let these miracles get out of hand.

Put me sort of into a commandment mood. Thou shalt not be such as shit that you do not know you are one [laughter]. Is there anyone in this room who has never said to himself: "My God I acted like an absolute shit?" If so, let him stand forth so that we can declare him latter day saint. Any takers? Don't anyone look at me [laughs]. I recall an interview with some retarded reporter and he asked me: "Mr. Burroughs is there any thing in your life you regret, anything you would do differently if you had it to do over?" What did you say? No, don't repeat it. Well I'm lucky if I get through a day without something I did wrong something I regret. And you are talking about a lifetime. Think of the real mistakes. *There are mistakes to monstrous for remorse to tamper or to dally with.* Can anyone place that quotation – Allen you're disqualified I told you. Anyone else – can anyone place it? It's Edward Arlington Robinson. He's really a very neglected poet. And he wrote a long poem about the author legend. Anyone who never made mistakes like that and paid for his mistakes I trust him little in the commerce of the soul. No

experience. Young thief he thinks he's got a license to steal. Young lawyer who never botched a case? Young doctor who never killed a patient?

Thou shalt not drop an atom bomb or shit one out in the first place. Yes, I'm talking to you Dr Robert Oppenheimer known as Oppie to his friends. If you've got an atom for a friend your only enemy is a dud. When Oppie heard the good news about Hiroshima he said: "Thank God it wasn't a dud." What God are you thanking for Hiroshima Oppenheimer? And Truman said, "God has given us the atom bomb and Eve will show us how to use it" [laughter]. Oh God! It has to be remembered that on the occasion of the first atomic explosion at Alamo Gordo, New Mexico – that translates roughly as fat soul – so on this fat occasion Robert Oppenheimer the founding father entertained the possibility of a chain reaction that would ignite the atmosphere. "You're theorizing way over our heads Oppie" said the General – well there were a lot of General's around – "And speaking for the Pentagon I don't like it." Twenty years later Oppie still believed that nuclear fission would destroy the planet. "We are become death's shatterer of worlds" he said. He said it on TV and wiped a tear out the corner of his eye with one skinny finger – he was dying of cancer at the time. And various highly placed officials appeared to say, "It was a very difficult decision..." the decision to drop the atom bomb on Hiroshima. And I thought God defend us all from a difficult decision in the Pentagon. Nobody does more harm than folks that feel bad about doing it [applause]. So one goes on signing petitions and supporting nuclear freezes what else can one do? One sounded a word of warning.

Brion Gysin had the all-purpose nuclear bedtime story, the all purpose bedtime story in fact. Some trillions of years ago a sloppy dirty giant flicked grease from his fingers. One of these gobs of grease is our universe on its way to the floor. Splat! "Clean it up women" growled the giant – for he was a male supremacist.

Meanwhile life such as it is goes on. I am frequently asked if I have any words of advice for young and old. Well I think the most important is this: that good things and bad things come in streaks. So plunge when you are winning and fold when you are losing. You got a winning streak ride it but don't ride it too far too fast or you can hit a losing streak doing ninety miles and hour and that isn't good. You never know when your streak ends. If you did it would be too easy.

Never interfere in a boy and girl fight. Never.

Beware of whores that say they don't want money. The hell they don't. What they mean is they want more money. Much more money.

If you are doing business with a religious son of a bitch get it in writing [laughter]. His word isn't worth shit. Not with the good Lord telling him how to fuck you on the deal [laughter].

If after having been exposed to someone's presence you feel as if you've lost a quart of plasma avoid that presence. You need it like you need pernicious anemia. We don't like to hear the word vampire around here we're trying to improve our PR. Build up a

kindly avuncular benevolent image. Interdependence is the key word. Enlightened interdependence. Life in all its rich variety take a little leave a little. However, by the inevitable logistics of the vampiric process they always take more than they leave. And why indeed should they take any? Sure a wart is better than a cancer but who wants either one?

Avoid Fuck Ups. FU's I call them. You all know the type. Everything they have anything to do with turns into a disaster no matter how good it may sound. They are trouble for themselves and everyone connected with them. A FU is bad news and it rubs off. Don't let it rub off on you.

Do not proffer sympathy to the mentally ill – it's a bottomless pit. Tell them firmly I am not paid to listen to this dribble! You are a terminal FU!

And avoid confirmed criminals they are a special malignant strain of FU. Look what Norman Mailer got himself into by involving himself with that archetypical criminal FU Jack Henry Abbott. To quote from his book: "I would sell my soul for freedom but I won't give an honest days work or behave myself for an instant for that same thing." I think Abbott is the FU-ist of the FU's.

Now some specialized advice: if there are any aspiring young thieves in the audience don't ever try and hit a Chinaman – he will die before he gives up his money! I remember a young hoodlum named Eddie who learned the hard way. Eddie and two other bums need some money on a Saturday night so they decide to heist this Chinese laundry. Below street level one little skinny chink down there ironing shirts. All they have to do is flash a gun and he will fork over or so they think. Instead he comes up with a meat cleaver screaming "Fluck you, fluck you, fluck you..." [Laughter] and they wisely heed the words of the immortal bard: *stay not on the order of your going but go at once...* Out in the street this one kid is laughing about it "Ah you can win 'em all" and imitating the Chinaman Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you... "What are you all looking at me so funny for?" [says the kid]. "Man you've got a meat cleaver stuck in your head." So the kid reaches up and feels the meat cleaver and "Ugh..." passes out cold. So they steer him to a hospital and pour him through the door.

No some of you may encounter the devil's bargain if you get that far. Any old soul is worth saving at least to a priest. But not every soul is worth buying – so you can take the offer as a complement. Try his money first you know, all the money there is. So who wants to be the richest guy in some cemetery? So money won't buy it. Not much left to spend it on eh gramps? Gitt'in too old to cut the mustard... Well, time hits the hardest blows especially below the belt. So how's a young body grab you? Like three card Monty pea under the shell "now you see it now you don't..." Old fool is going to rush out and realize all his wet dreams. Haven't you forgotten something gramps? In order to feel something you have to be there. You have to be eighteen years old. And you aren't eighteen you're seventy-eight. You just simply are not there. Old fool sold his soul for a strap on.

Well I always try the easy ones first so how about an honorable bargain? You always wanted to be a doctor well now here's your chance. Right back there in medical school. Why you could become a great healer and benefit humanity what's wrong with that? Just about everything. There are no honorable bargains that involve exchange of quality [sic. qualitative] merchandise like souls for quantitative merchandise like time.

Yeah, that's always a bargain for him the devils bargain. A wise old junk pusher told me years ago, "watch whose money you pick up" and "watch who's time you pick up."

Cambridge Mass. 1938 – that was the year of the big hurricane – Kells Elvins and your reporter were writing a shipwreck story based on the sinking of the Titanic. The Titanic was supposed to be sink proof, it was all divided up into segments you know so if you have a leak here the other compartments will keep the thing afloat. But the iceberg just sliced right through all the compartments like a can opener. The ship went down in three hours with twelve hundred passengers. The Captain went down with the ship on this occasion. It was the maiden voyage, there were a number of rich and fancy people on board and I think it was Mr. Astor he and his valet put on full dress suits and said, "We're going down like gentlemen." Imagine a frame of mind like that going down like gentlemen, glug, glug, glug [Laughter]. So along came Colonel Clinch Smith who was right on the deck when the Titanic went down got clear and latched on to a chicken coop and survived. And that's the name of the game.

In our story *Twilight's Last Gleamings*, the ships' Captain puts on women's clothes and rushes into the first lifeboat. And also in this lifeboat is the ships' doctor. There is precedence for this I quote from a contemporary chronicle: "Somewhere in the shadow of the Titanic disaster slings a cur in human shape, today the most despicable human being in all the world. In that grim midnight hour he found himself hemmed in by the band of heroes who watchword rang out across the deep – 'women and children first.' What did he do? He scuttled to the stateroom deck put on a women's skirt, a women's hat and a women's vale and picking his crafty way he filled a seat in one of the lifeboats and saved his skin. His identity is not yet known though it will in good time. This man still lives – surely he was born and saved to set for men a new standard by with to measure infamy and shame." You get to thinking about it you wonder if they don't yet known his identity how they know about this at all. Something really funny there.

Anyway, this story commemorates the first appearance of Dr Benway written in collaboration with Kells Elvins, *Twilights Last Gleamings*.

SS America off Jersey coast ... ladies and gentleman there is no cause for alarm we have a minor problem in the boiler room but everything is now under ... sound effects of a nuclear blast. Explosion splits the boat. A paretic named Perkins screams from his shattered wheelchair, "You pithy assed son of a bitch..." Second class passenger Barbara Cannon lay naked in a first class stateroom. Stewart Hudson stepped to a porthole, "Put on your clothes honey there's been an accident." Dr Benway ships doctor drunkenly added two inched to a six-inch incision with one stroke of his scalpel. "Perhaps the appendix is already out doctor..." the nurse said peering dubiously over his shoulder. "I saw a little scar."

"The appendix out... I'm taking the appendix out what do you think I'm doing here."
"Perhaps the appendix is on the left side doctor that happens sometimes you know."
"Stop breathing down my neck I'm coming to that. Don't you think I know where an appendix is I studied appendectomy in 19-4 at Harvard?"

He lifted the abdominal wall and searched along the incision dropping ashes from his cigarette [laughter]. Thrust a red fist at her.

"And get me a new scalpel this one's got no edge to it."

The doctor flattened against the wall a bloody scalpel clutched in one hand. The patient slid off the operating table spilling intestines across the floor.

"Sew her up I can't be expected to work under such conditions." He swept instruments cocaine and morphine into his satchel and tilted out of the operating room.

Mike Dwyer a politician from Clayton Missouri rushed into the first class lounge where the orchestra coked, juked and pilled to the gills wallowed in their instruments.

"Play the *Star Spangled Banner*," he bellowed." You trying to con somebody Jack?"

Mike crossed to the jukebox and selected the *Star Spangled Banner* with Fats Terminal at the electric organ and shoved home a handful of quarters.

By the dawns early light ... Dr Benway pushed through a crowded rail and boarded the first lifeboat. "You all alright? He said seating himself amongst the women, "I'm the doctor."

Oh say can you see... Captain Cramer putting the finishing touches to heavy makeup? Now a green cloche hat and fox stole. Rather Sadie Thomson he decides slipping a .32 automatic into his handbag.

O'er the ramparts we watched... Radio operator Finch mixed the bicarbonate of soda and belched into his hand. SS America... SOS erp. Goddamn Captain's a brown artist. SOS off Jersey coast. Might smell us. SOS. Son of a bitch and crew. SOS. Comrade Finch. Comrade a pig's ass. SOS urp urp. The Captain stepped into the radio room and shot Finch in the back of the head. He shoved the body aside and smashed the apparatus with a chair.

By the twilights last gleamings the Captain stiff-arms an old lady and fills the first lifeboat. The boat is lowered jerkily by male passengers. Dr Benway casts off. The Captain pats his bulging suitcase and absently looks back at the ship. Obviously he cleaned out to sea.

Our flag was still there... It happens in every shipwreck something folks don't like to talk about. People keep trying to get in the lifeboats that are already full and someone has to cut their fingers off with a butcher knife. In our story a paralyzed paretic named Perkins – paralyzed from the waist down anyway – is the instrument of destiny. Someone gives him the knife and tells him what he has to do.

By the rockets red glare ... A cry goes up from the tilting deck. Bodies hurtle around the boat. A hand reaches out and closes on the boat side. Spring-like Perkins brings down the knife. The hand slips away finger stubs fall into the boat. "That' a boy comrade don't let them swamp us." The crew pull on the oars and Perkins works feverishly

cutting on all sides. His false teeth fly out with the speed of a snapping snake, he snaps them back into his mouth. "Bastards, sons of bitches, bastards, sons of bitches..."

Oh say does that spangled banner yet wave... Barbara Cannon showed your reporter her souvenirs of the disaster. A lifebelt autographed by the crew and a severed human finger. "I dunno" she said, "I feel so bad about this old finger."

The land of the free and home of the brave... [Applause]

This folkloric text is from the federal narcotics hospital at Lexington Kentucky. There is an exclusive wing at Lexington reserved for the do-rights who are considered good rehabilitation prospects. They get better rooms and more medication and a much slower withdrawal. A do-right always shows up with letters from his employer, clergyman, congressman, you know the type falls all over himself to light the bosses' cigarette. The doctor walks into the ward. "Rather warm in here", as one man the do-rights break out in a sweat and rush around and open'n windows. "A bit cold in here isn't it?" immediately the do-rights see their breath in the air and snatch blankets and bundle themselves up to a chorus of chattering teeth. Front office brown nose fink to the bone. "Doctor when I die I want to buried right in the same coffin with you. You're the finest most decent the most deeply humane man I've ever known."

"I'm put'n you down for additional medication son."

"Thank you doctor. Pushers should receive the death penalty."

Such staff are do-rights made. It's the old army game from here to eternity get there firsted with the brownest nose. While down in the dim grey wards and day rooms where the do-wrongs hawk and spit and shiver and vomit, "Fuck'n croaker wouldn't give me a goofball. He asked me what the American flag means to me and I tell him soak it in heroin doc and I'll suck it..." [Laughter]. "He tells me I got the wrong attitude. I should see the chaplain and get straight with Jesus." And then with the tears streaming down their lousy fink faces the do-rights leap up as one man and bellow out the *Star Spangled Banner*.

More folklore. Daddy Long Legs looked like Uncle Sam on stilts and he ran this osteopathic clinic outside East St. Louis and took in a few junky patients. For two notes a week you could nod out in green lawn chairs and look at the oaks and grass stretching down to a little lake in the sun. And the nurse moves around with a silver tray feeding in the junk in. We called her Mother wouldn't you?

So Benway needed after a rumble in Dallas involving this aphrodisiac ointment and Doc goofed on either and mixed in too much Spanish fly and burnt the prick of the police commissioner. So they come to Daddy Long Legs to cool off and we find him cool and casual in a dark room of potted rubber plants and a silver tray where he likes to see a week in advance. The nurse showed us to a room with rose wallpaper and we had this bell where any hour of the day or night just ring and Mother charges in with a loaded hypo. One day we were sittin' out on the lawn chairs with lap robes all day leaves turning sun cold on the lake. Doc picks up a piece of grass. "Junk turns you on

vegetable. It's green, see. Now a green fix should last a *long* time." So we check out of the clinic and rent a house and Doc starts cooking up this green junk and the basement is full of tanks smell like a compost heap of junkies. So finally he draws off this heavy green fluid and loads it into a hypo big as a bicycle pump. "Now we must find a worthy vessel," he says. So he flushed out this old goofball artist and tells him that it is pure Chinese H from the Ling Dynasty. And Doc shoots the whole pint of green right into the main line. The yellow jacket turns fibrous grey green and withers up like an old turnip. "And I say I'm getting out of here me," Doc says. "An unworthy vessel obviously I withdraw from the case!"

Actually, I've been reading a lot of these doctor books lately and Benway sort of shines as a model of competence [laughter] and responsibility in terms of what's actually going on in hospitals. Well here's a sort of typical doctor this is one of the better of the lot. Mike Todd. So anyway he has fallen for a young nurse he has proposed and she has accepted. Then she comes down with bone cancer and they have to take off the left leg. Scalpels crossed it hasn't spread. Does he still want her? She tells him take five days and think it over. He does. With bleak clarity he see the years to come. Oh yes he can he see where his own interests are involved. He's striding towards surgery a big man on complex now, "It takes guts to practice surgery," he says and it sure does. Striding towards surgery though the patient is clearly terminal. He would operate on a mummy. And she is shamming along on her new prosthetic. "Will you shake the lead out?"

"I'm doing the best I can darling." Why don't you go back to your crutches he thinks irritably? Aloud he says, "Why don't you jet propel on your stinking farts." Admittedly his words were somewhat unkind [laughter].

But cancer does stink. Of course it is not her fault that she is in this disgusting condition or is it? His mother always said, "Son in this life everyone always gets exactly what they want and exactly what they deserve." People tend to believe it so long as they are getting what they think they deserve.

Incongruously, Mike thinks of an old joke the eternal traveling salesman protagonist of the eternal dirty joke. Salesman spots an attractive woman in the club car. As fate would have it she is in the lower bunk just opposite his upper bunk. And he is givin' her the eye. She takes off her wig, she pops out a glass eye, she spits out her false teeth, she unhooks her wooden legs, looks up at him pertly and says, "Is there anything that you want?"

"You know what I want, take it off and throw it up here..." [Uproarious laughter]

He starts laughing you see and she demands to know why and finally he tells her and she hits him with her prosthetic requiring five stitches. Yeah, he's been thinking it over darling and...

It is Colonel Bradfield's job to investigate the practical potentials of ESP, sorcery, witchcraft, the lot. He doesn't give a shit for natural laws or what is and isn't possible all he cares about are results. "Bring me the one's who work..."

"What ya bring this old beast in here for?" A withered old man dressed only in a loincloth stiff with yellow piss stains stinking like a snake cave in spring sits down in a leather arm chair. Fumigating the chair will be inadequate the Colonel decides.

"He's a natural chief he can throw an operative curse."

"I don't doubt he can kill by proximity."

"He's got a good track record chief."

"Sure, sure and eighty years in the making."

So how'd he get that way? To be a magician you've got to be inhuman in some way. Easiest is to eat your own shit and eat it steady. You eat in and shit it out and eat it in again it gets eviler and dirtier a stink that nobody can smell and live. But who am I to be critical? [Laughter]

Trouble is it just isn't practical. "But chief no trace, no way it can be traced to us."

"The hell there isn't. You think the islanders are into this shit up to the ass. They can make up the evidence. We all do it. No way to trace it big deal. Eighty shit eating years to turn out and old human centipede that can throw out a curse if you hold him steady on target. I can train an agent in hours with untraceable poisons and toxins, electronic devices to produce arrhythmic heart beats."

"But chief we can't just throw a thing like this away?"

"And indeed where can we throw it – it's radioactive. Get it out of here for starters and take the chair out with it!"

Kim has never doubted the existence of God so the possibility of an afterlife. He feels that immortality is the only goal worth striving for. He knows it is not something he will automatically get for believing in a dogma like Christianity or Islam. It is something you have to work and fight for like everything in this life or another. The most precarious, short sighted and arbitrary immortality blue print was drafted by the ancient Egyptians. First you have to get yourself mummified and that is very expensive making immortality the monopoly of the truly rich. And you also need a reservation in an accredited necropolis. So all the new rich is trying to crack a good necropolis you see like a good country club. The whole society revolves around death. Extraordinary – all of their art was funerary. And then your continued existence in The Western Lands – that's Egyptian paradise – is entirely contingent on the continued existence and welfare of your mummy. That is why they had their mummies protected by potent curses and hid good. And also you had to know the right names. Page after page in *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* you shall not pass until you pronounce my name.

Harry is plain GI horrors. He's got enough vitality to survive his physical death. That's known as the first bit. He won't get far he's got no mummy, he's got no names, he's got nothing. So what happens to a bum like that a nameless mummiless asshole? [Laughter] The demons will swarm all over him at the first checkpoint. He will be dismembered and thrown into a flaming pit where his soul will be utterly consumed and destroyed forever while others with sound mummies and the right names to drop in the right places sail through to The Western Lands.

However, there are some second-class souls who just barely squeeze through. Their mummies is not in a good sanitary condition. These creeps are relegated to flophouse

accommodations just beyond the last checkpoint where they can smell the charnel house disposal ovens from their skimpy balconies. "You see that sign..." the bartender snarls, "Maggoty mummies will not be served here."

Well might as well face facts my mummies going down hill – cheap job to begin with? God, maggots is crawling all over it. The way that demon guard sniffed at me this morning. Transient hotels. So here you are in a luxury condominium deep in The Western Lands. You got no security. Some disgruntled former employee sneaks into your tomb and throws acid in your mummies face or sloshes gasoline all over it and burns the shit out of it. Ugh... someone is fucking with my mummy [laughter]. And brother you are fucked. Mummies are sitting ducks – no matter who you are or what can happen to your mummy is a Pharaoh's nightmare. The dreaded mummy bashers! Grave robbers, scavengers, floods, earthquakes, fires, explosions! My God the worst thing can happen to a mummy. Mummies, all mummies is strong pacifists – no nukes is good nukes to a mummy!

Consider the impasse of a one God universe. He's all knowing, all powerful, he can't go anywhere since he's already everywhere. Can't do anything since the act of doing something presupposes opposition. His universe is irrevocably thermodynamic having no friction by definition. So he has to create friction, war, fear and death to keep his dying show on the road. Sooner or later, "Look boss we don't have enough energy left to fry an elderly women in a fleabag hotel fire." Well, we'll have to start faking it. Joe looks after him sourly and mixes a bicarbonate of soda. "Sure start faking it and leave the details to Joe." Look from a real disaster you get a pig of energy – sacrifice heroism grief, heroism and above all violent death. Life in all its rich variety. So from an energy surplus you can underwrite the next one. But if the first one is a fake you can't underwrite as shithouse. Try and explain to almighty God where his one God universe is heading. Asshole doesn't know what buttons to push or what happens when you push them. Urp, abandon ship God damn'it everyman for himself.

Like The Great Gatsby, Kim believes in the green light the orgiastic future. He believes in a magical universe, unpredictable, spontaneous, alive. A universe where anything is possible. A universe of many gods often in conflict so the paradox of an all knowing all powerful god who nonetheless permits suffering, evil and death does not arise. "You got a famine here old Cyrus what happened?"

"Well you can't win them all I'm hustling myself."

"Can you give us immortality?"

"I can give you an extension maybe. Take you as far as the first trick Mike you'll have to make it from there on your own." Most of them don't. I figure about one in a million and biologically speaking that's very good odds.

I think we might all believe in a magical universe because that's about the only thing that could save spaceship earth at this point. A miracle. Thank you. [Loud applause]

Encore:

An old number ... [Dr Benway]

The lavatory has been locked for three hours solid I think they're using it for an operating room. Nurse: "I can't find her pulse doctor."

Dr Benway: "Cardiac arrest Goddamit it." He looks around and picks up a toilet plunger. He advances on the patient. "Make an incision Dr Lymph," he says to his bald assistant, "I'm going to massage the heart." Dr Benway washes the suction cup by swishing it around in the toilet bowl. Nurse: "Shouldn't it be sterilized doctor?"

"Very likely but there's no time." He sits on the suction cup like a cane seat watching his assistant make the incision. "You young squirts couldn't lance a pimple without an electric vibrating scalpel with automatic drain and suture. All the skill is going out of surgery, all the know how and make do. Ever tell you about the time I performed an appendectomy with a rusty sardine can? And once I was caught short without instrument one and removed an intrauterine tumor with my teeth. The was in the Upper Effendi and besides the wench is dead."

Dr Lymph: "The incision is ready doctor." Dr Benway forces the cup into incision and works it up and down. Blood spurts all over the nurse, the doctors and the wall. The cup makes a horrible sucking sound. "I think she's gone doctor."

"Well it's all in a days work." He walks across the room to a medicine cabinet. "Some pestule drug addict has cut my cocaine with *Saniflush*. Nurse – send the boy out to fill this RX on the double." [Loud applause]

WSB: Thank you. Thank you.

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